

Here is a true and perfect Relation from the Faulcon at the

Bank-side; of the strange and wonderful apparition of one Mr. *Powel* a Baker lately deceased, and of his appearing in several shapes, both at Noon-day and at night, with the several speeches which pass between the spirit of Mr. *Powel* and his Maid *Jone* and divers Learned men, who went to alay him and the manner of his appearing to them in the Garden upon their making a circle, and burning of wax Candles and Jenniper wood, lastly how it vanished.

The tune of, *Cherry Chase*.



Strange news, strange news, I here have to write
Come listen and I'll tell,
The strangest news that ever yet
Was in our age told.
And I'll repeat it word by word
To let the Nation know,
The mighty wonders of the Lord,
Which he to them doth show.

For near upon the month ago,
There was a Baker dyed,
Close by the Faulcon many know,
Which is on Southwarke side.
His body after buried was,
In earth for to remain,
But not long since it came to pass,
That his spirit rose again.

And walked up and down the place,
Where he before did dwell,
And lookt most ghastly in his face,
That burjens there can tell.
And rattling thro' the house would he,
Afrighting people that.
He sometimes like a Goat would be,
And sometimes like a Cat.

He into several shapes would turn,
With doleful voices then

He'd like a flame of fire burn,
Straight to a man agen.
His house he constant haunted that,
At midnight and noone-day
And sometimes seemed like a Cat,
Which scar'd his Son away.

Then none within this house did dwell,
But one poor servant Maid
Which very often did perceive,
This ghastly Ghost the said.
Whose pale and dreadful gleaming light,
Drewn't her to a fear
For making of the bed one night,
It to her did appear.!

She then beholding of his face,
Poor Soul it made her quake
And she lay trembling in the place,
That ebery joynt did shake.
He up and down the Chamber ran,
His hands abroad were spread
His Nose was wryed pale and wan,
His eyes sunk in his head.

At which the Maid cry'd out O Lord,
I heartily do pray
That by the power of thy word,
Thou shalt this same fiend away.

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Bank-side; of the strange and wonderful apparition of one Mr. *Powel* a Baker lately deceased, and of his appearing in several shapes, both at Noon-day and at night, with the several speeches which pass between the spirit of Mr. *Powel* and his Maid *Jane* and divers Learned men, who went to alay him and the manner of his appearing to them in the Garden upon their making a circle, and burning of wax Candles and Jenniper wood, lastly how it vanished.

The tune of, *Cherry Chase*.



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Come listen and I'll tell,
The strangest news that ever yet
Was in our age told.
And I'll repeat it word by word
To let the Nation know,
The mighty wonders of the Lord,
Which he to them hath shew.

For near upon the month ago,
There was a Baker dyed,
Close by the Faulcon many know,
Which is on Southwarke side.
His body after buried was,
In earth for to remain,
But not long since it came to pass,
That his spirit rose again.

And walked up and down the place,
Where he before did dwell,
And lookt most ghastly in his face,
That burghers there can tell.
And rattling thro' the house would he,
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He sometimes like a Goat would be,
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And sometimes seemed like a Cat,
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Then none within this house did dwell,
But one poor servant Maids
Which very often did perceive,
This ghastly Ghost she said,
Whose pale and dreadful gleaming light,
Drewn't her to a fear
For making of the bed one night,
It to her did appear.!

She then beholding of his face,
Poor soul it made her quake
And she lay trembling in the place,
That every joint did shake.
He up and down the Chamber ran,
His hands abroad were spread
His nose was turned pale and wan,
His eyes sunk in his head.

At which the Maids cry'd out O Lord,
I heartily do pray
That by the power of thy word,
Shalt this same fiend away.



Repeating these same words agen,
with lifting hands upright
At which the Aperition then,
quite vanish out of sight.

But on the morrow morning next
the same appear'd again.
He on the house so much relect,
saw our self within remain.
The Spaid a fire making was,
about the house did stir
Which time he heard a dolefull voyce,
one knocking at the doore.

The Sp. to reply's then who is there,
and to the doo' did run
Quoth he thy good old Master's betes;
come tell me where's my son,
At which the Spaid ran backward in,
and not one word did say
And for that time the spirit then,
did vanish quite away.

But afterwards it came to pass,
late in the Evening tyme
He underneath a Portree was,
where he again was tyed.
For he within the Garden walkt
where Jone came by chance,
And this same spirit with her talkt;
that she fell in a trance.

Weld he her senses they were lost,
at such a sight to see
For pure Nature with a Shock,
can never well agree.
When Learned man of Art came there,
this Spirit to alay
Which did immediately appear,
and they to it did say.

Gods holy Saints do much conuert,
there actions now are blast
The Conjure then for to depart,
unto the place of rest.
The aperition in a pause,
did vanish none knowe whether
Saying wee to them which are the cause,
of this my coming hether.

By skill these Learned men both see
and by their art discern
Some hidden treasure there must be,
and in the Garden lye.
And yet these Conjurors do say,
their task hath proved so
The spirit they cannot alay;
whatsoever they can do.

O what strange wonders now are these;
the Lord amongst us see
God grant hereafter they might cease,
and see our lives amende.